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A

Satirical POEM.

Designed to have been publiſhed in *March* laſt.

By a GENTLEMAN of *New Inn Hall.*

Ultra Sauromatas fugere hinc libet, & glacialem
Oceanum, quoties aliquid de Moribus audent
Qui Curios ſimulant, & Bacchanalia vivunt.

Juv.

LONDON:
Printed for RICHARD WELLINGTON, at the *Dolphin* and *Crown* without *Temple Bar.* 1733.

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Printed for RICHARD WELL[illegible] the Dolphin and Crown
without Temple-Bar. 1723.

ALMA MATER:

A

POEM.

SINCE Int'reſt, Vanity, and Spite combine,
To write in dull defiance of the Nine,
Int'reſt, which ever does in Praiſe delight,
Makes Stateſmen honeſt, *Æthiopians* white;
Whilſt ſelf-conceited Vanity would raiſe,
By certain loſs of Time uncertain Praiſe.

But Spite in Satire vents his Spleen for Wit,
And bites his Nails at *Congreve* in the Pit.
Since ev'ry Fop whoſe Head in Spring o'erflows
With bookiſh Humours, whether Verſe or Proſe,
Diſcharges with a Mother's throbbing Pains,
The * Chaos of his indigeſted Brains.
Since Pamphlets croud the Preſs, and Nonſenſe ſwells
To bulky Volumes, which but rarely ſells,
Unleſs ſome Paſtry-Cook the Lumber buys,
And adds dull Paper to his heavy Pies.
Since this and more, ſince *W——d* dares abuſe,
In † ſenſeleſs Rhymes *Pope*'s ſweet immortal Muſe;
For Wit in vain ſince *C——r* racks his Brains,
And labours New-years Odes in Bellman's Strains;

* ——Chaos; rudis, indigeſtaque moles. *Ovid. Met. lib.* 1.

† Alluding to a Poem, entitled *Dulneſs and Scandal*, which was certainly the propereſt Name the Author could give it.

Since

Since carping *D*——*s* ſhows his envious Nature,
And earns his daily Bread by ſcribbling Satire;
Why ſhou'd each Coxcomb make a Noiſe but me?
The Itch is catching, and the Preſs is free.
Free to blaſpheming *W*——*n*'s impious Crew,
(*Bedlam* and *Tyburn* calling for their Due.)
While furious Zeal the Rev'rend Tribe employs,
Who quit their Reaſon to maintain a Noiſe.

Whene'er I ſee the Writers of our Age
Produce their motley Pieces on the Stage,
If Nature and the Muſes won't inſpire,
Yet ſure Reſentment may the Poet fire!
What Fault, O *B*——*d*, did thy * *Virgin Queen*,
That thou ſhouldſt proſtitute her in thy Scene?

* A Tragedy ſo called.

'Tis

'Tis hard to ſay, whether thy Fuſtian Phraſe
Shou'd Laughter moſt, or Indignation raiſe.
Next *M——r* comes to * ſatirize the Schools!
I like the Lad for laſhing Pedant-Fools;
But when his monſtrous Characters appear,
The forc'd Conceits we can no longer bear,
Thro' all he ſays, the Fop conſpicuous ſhines,
To all, but to himſelf, the † Apeall in his Lines!

So ſwarm the Writers, in each crouded Street
You muſt an Author, or a Poet meet,
At every turn, 'tis odds but that you ſtart
A ſtupid * * *P—n——r*, or a rhyming *H——y*.

* *Vide* a Comedy called *The Humours of* Oxford.
† A ridiculous Character in the aforeſaid Play.
* * Vide *P——n——r*'s Miſcellanies.

But

But leave thy jingling, Friend! I'm certain Nature
Ne'er meant that thou ſhou'd'ſt write * Eſſays on Satire.

The Ladies I approach with awful Dread,
Follies I cenſure, but no Scandal ſpread;
Excuſe me then, ye Fair, while ſome I name,
Whoſe Frailties to the World themſelves proclaim:
Such, and ſuch only, be the Muſe's Theme,
As you yourſelves do cenſure and condemn.
Shou'd I relate who proſtitute for Gains
Themſelves, or who lay laſt with Stradler's;
That Task wou'd needleſs be, ſince loſt to Shame,
They dread no Cenſure, and deſpiſe good Fame.

* *Vide* an Eſſay on Satire dedicated to Mr. *P—pe*.

Suppoſe *Citronia* does of Drams approve;
Drams are the beſt Provocatives to Love:
Drams whet the Genius, raiſe the Spirits high,
Glow on the Cheek, and ſparkle in the Eye.

Liberia paints, they ſay, what's that to me?
I view her Face, and can no Danger ſee:
Not but a Piece well-painted I admire,
And Praiſe it claims, but ne'er excites Deſire.

But who is that ſo brisk, ſo gay, ſo fair?
Oh! 'tis *Andira*, by her Shape, and Air!
Pretty *Andira*, who ſurpaſſes all
Or at th' Aſſembly, or the courtly Ball!

Where'er She goes, attractive Luſtre reigns,
When in the Fields, the Goddeſs of the Plains;
The Envy of the Nymphs, and Glory of the Swains!
But then *Andira*, as thy Sex delight
'Gainſt thoſe, they envy moſt, to vent their Spite;
Thee, Thee they cenſure: and, tho' free from Guilt,
Alas, *Andira*, thou art call'd a Jilt!
No Pride, nor Spleen, thy eaſy Bliſs deſtroy;
Let Heireſſes the irkſome Tribe annoy!
Who ſleepleſs Nights inventing Scandal lay,
And pine in ſecret all the tedious Day;
Who at good Tidings, find their Griefs renew,
And taſte no Happineſs, 'cauſe others do.

What makes *Hortenſia* look ſo wan and green,
But that She's overcome with Pride and Spleen?

In ev'ry Thing ſhe apes her haughty Sire,
And hates whatever other Folks admire.

Humanity forbids me next to name
Poor *Sibilinda*, and her blaſted Fame.
But Anger then returns with double Fire,
Rouz'd by the vile, inhuman, Pandar-Sire!
Oh, what a Villain thou thyſelf haſt ſhown!
Thou Traitor, to thy Daughter's Virtue, known!
Think, wretched Fop, think not, t' indulge thy Vice,
Another Daughter but a mod'rate Price:
Seek not to live above thy humble Place,
Nor to thy Folly proſtitute thy Race.

Too much, I fear, already I've reveal'd;
And prob'd a Wound that never can be heal'd.

Shock'd

Shock'd at the Thought, the Muſe affrighted flies,
And *Sappho*, lo, intent on Verſe, ſhe ſpies!
Surpriz'd at which, ſhe ſcarce believes her Eyes.
But ſoon ſhe hears her with a Voice ſo ſweet,
And Air theatrical her Works repeat;
Bent is her Head, her Hand waves gently-ſlow,
Whilſt to the Time the gentler Numbers flow;
So ſmooth, ſo muſical, ſo free from Thought,
With each ſoft Line a ſofter Beau is caught!

But what of theſe? when one whom Nature taught
Each wiſh'd-for Excellence of Speech and Thought;
In whom ten thouſand Charms and Graces meet
To make a Beauty, and a Wit complete;
Thro' whoſe fair Form a fairer Mind does ſhine,
(Her Form that's next to Imag'ry divine!)

When ſuch as ſhe can with a Fool diſpenſe,
And Charms of Wealth prefer to Charms of Senſe,
What ſhall I ſay? how ſhall the Muſe begin
With bridal Joys firſt acted at an * Inn?
Tir'd with the luſcious Banquet of the Night,
The 'Squire is up next Morn before it's Light;
The Chariot's ready, Lady wak'd at Five,
And Sir himſelf, to ſhew his Parts, muſt drive:
Th' advent'rous Charioteer projects his Thong;
The Courſers neigh, the Chariot ſmokes along;
Swift, as the Winds that ſweep the azure Skies,
Down the ſteep Hill the rattling Chariot flies.
Stupendous ſign of Love, when for her ſake
His Neck he hazards, that he her's may break!

* This whole Story I have heard related for Truth.

Too

Too late ſhe now repents ſhe's made a Wife,
And doom'd t'obey a Coxcomb during Life.
" † What Pity, Heav'ns, if ſuch a Fair there be!
" Who does not weep, when *Sacchariſſa's* ſhe?
Where ſhall the Muſe proceed her Courſe to bend?
Shall ſhe from hence the Chair-divine aſcend?
Or to thy Oratory, *Loquax*, go,
Like Thee in Tides of Dithyrambicks flow?

But ah! what Leacher's that, whom hence I ſpy
With looks denoting Guilt, and downcaſt Eye?
Oh! had I Colours ſtrong enough to paint
The blackeſt Villain in a ſeeming Saint,

* Alluding to theſe two Verſes in a Fragment of a Satire in *Pope's* and *Swift's* Miſcellanies.

What Pity, Heav'ns, if ſuch a Man there be!
Who wou'd not weep if *Addiſon* was He?

Corvino

Corvino then I'd draw, ; that Rev'rend Swine,
Drunk with exceſs of Leachery and Wine ;
Bart'ring, to ſerve his own baſe, luſtful End,
The very Name, and Title of a Friend !
Methinks I hear the loſt *Aëria*'s Cries
Implore for Vengeance to the liſt'ning Skies,
Whilſt pitying Angels haſte to her Relief,
And point thee out the Cauſe of all her Grief !
Repent then, Wretch, ere rotten all within,
Thou dy'ſt a ſtinking Sacrifice to Sin !
Well may'ſt thou, *Cambridge*, with Contempt look down
On thy fall'n Siſter, and indignant frown ;
Since almoſt ev'ry College now is full
Of either what is vile, or what is dull.

W——m

W——m, the noble Fountain whence there ſprung
Thoſe who divinely preach'd, and ſweetly ſung,
Now Pride and Dulneſs to thy Fellows cling,
And o'er thy whole Foundation ſpread the Wing.
Whilſt *Dromo*, fam'd for nought but Dulneſs, rules
What can'ſt produce but Ignorance and Fools?
Dulneſs, which like a dire Contagion ſpreads,
And ſervile Fellows catch it from their Heads.

But who comes here? obſerve the mighty Man!
'Tis *Matho*'s ſelf, the learn'd, the great ——:
Gods! how he moves terrific in his Pace,
Whilſt Wit and Learning ſeem to fly his Face.
Rare Preſident the *M*—— Youths to lead!
Yet in thy Steps Demys and Fellows tread.

Like thee they form their Mien, they drink, look big,
Smoke much, think little, curſe the free-born Whig.

Next *O*——'s rev'rend Doctor does appear:
Learn'd Man! worth fifteen hundred Pounds a year.
F——*r* at his Election, to relate
His Merit, ſaid, "* He had a vaſt Eſtate;
"And what tho' *W*——*y*'s learn'd, and has more Senſe,
"*Cræſus* has Wealth, and that's the beſt Pretence.
"Beſides, great Matters for us he may do,
"You know he's Landlord, can the Tenants ſcrew;
"So that, if he complies with our Deſigns,
"He'll raiſe their Leaſes, to enhance our Fines."

* His Speech at the Election.

Montanus comes! I know his clumſy Tread,
In Title-Pages eminently read!
The heavy Ruler of the *Cambrian* Race,
Famous for nothing but an ugly Face!

At length, methinks, I ſee a rev'rend Sage,
Alma's chief Fav'rite! Glory of his Age!
Nor Bribes, nor Fear, can his firm Judgment ſway,
Int'reſt with him to Merit gives the Way.
Learned himſelf, the Learned he regards,
And where Reward is due he ſtill rewards.
Virtue's chief Patron, firm to's College-Truſt;
Supremely Good, and obſtinately Juſt.
Wond'rous great Man! cou'd I but reach thy Praiſe,
Ev'n *Pope* ſhou'd envy my ſuperior Lays,

Strong, ſmooth, and elegant each Line—— but oh!
None but *Eudoxius* his own Worth can ſhow.

Yonder ſtalks One with ſupercilious Brow
Like Diſcipline—— *Moroſus'* ſelf I vow!
From Northern Climes, where wintry *Boreas* blows,
And the bleak Fells endure eternal Snows,
Moroſus comes; and on his rigid Face
Bears the rough Image of his native Place.
Obſerve him now, he's going to his Pray'rs,
And mark the Pedant's hypocritic Airs!
Grant, Heav'n (he cries) my humble, ſmall Requeſt,
And then your Servant will be ever bleſt:
No Diadem I ask, no Sceptre, Crown,
Nought but what's decent, and becomes my Gown:

No more than this, upon a Doctor's Word,
To wear a Mitre, and be ſtyl'd a Lord.
And wou'd that ſatisfy thee? no---thy Pride
Wou'd aim at thouſand Honours more beſide:
Then ſuch's thy Av'rice, were the World's whole Store
In thy poſſeſſion, thou wou'dſt crave for more
Tho' rich, yet ſtill *, emphatically poor!
Thou'rt not alone—— thy Fellows are the ſame,
And thou art but th' Epitome of them.
Pride and Ill-nature chiefly o'er them reign,
Learnedly dull, or ignorantly vain;
Without Wealth haughty, without Merit proud,
In Virtue ſilent, but in Factions loud;
Upholders of old ſuperſtitious Rules,
Dull in the Pulpit, Triflers in the Schools;

* Vide *Cowley*'s Eſſay on Avarice.

To Pow'r ſuperiour none ſuch Hatred bear,
Tho' none exert their own with greater care;
Yet for their King they daily Vows addreſs,
And Loyalty for Int'reſt's-ſake profeſs.
Such are the Men that lead our Youths aſtray,
And rule their Betters with imperious Sway.

Vulpinus' Conſcience next inſpires my Lays,
And with diſſembled Virtue ſues for Praiſe.
Juſt he ſhou'd have it, it's his juſt Deſert;
So well he acts both Prieſt's and Proctor's Part.
Whilſt o'er his Reaſon Paſſion bears the ſway,
Unguarded Youths become his eaſy Prey:
Poor * *A——ms!* how unhappy wou'd he be,
Had honeſt *H——d* been adviſ'd by thee?

When,

* This alludes to a Quarrel which *Vulp.* had with a young Gentleman of the Univerſity, and not being in any Authority himſelf, he us'd his Intereſt with the

When on the Rancour of thy Heart intent,
And, too unjuſtly, on his Ruin bent,
Thou cry'd'ſt, "* Dear *H——d*, regiſter him, do,
"And I'll do aught in Recompence for you."
Thou, † Chriſtian-like, art ſtill reſolv'd to live
Up to thy Maxim, never to forgive.
Wiſe Providence, that we the Fiend might trace,
Has drawn the Marks of Envy in thy Face:
If we but read thy Actions right, we'll find
Thy Face the gloomy Emblem of thy Mind.

the Proctor (who was of the ſame College with *Vulp.*) to put the Gentleman in the *Black Book*, which is look'd upon as the greateſt Scandal a Perſon can undergo; and is often one's Ruin, as it diſqualifies one for a Degree.

* His very Words.

† Ironically.

But

But how cou'd *O——d*, where ſuch Worth is found,
Doubt who the moſt deſerv'd † four hundred Pound?
How could they ſo unkind, ungrateful be,
To give another what was due to thee?
Probus, inſipid, honeſt-meaning Fool,
Who ſtill adheres to Juſtice as his Rule,
That he, who's nought but Virtue on his Side,
Shou'd gain the Prize from Academic Pride,
Is ſtrange! but then, you find it to your Coſt,
He got it, 'cauſe that he deſerv'd it moſt:
And the Green-Man (oh dire, tremendous Thought!)
* Muſt ſit him down at laſt content with Naught!

† A Lecture ſhip, the Income of which amounts to Fourſcore Pounds a Year, which is to be beſtow'd upon one of the Proctors for the ſpace of five Years.

* His Complaint upon his Diſappointment was, "And muſt I ſit down at "laſt content with Nothing?"

Our

Our grateful Thanks we ne'er enough can ſhow,
O *Pollio*, ſince to * thee this Choice we owe.
Thy rev'rend Character, who dares contend?
Thou beſt of Patrons! and thou trueſt Friend!
Thy gen'rous Acts demand ſublimer Lays,
Mine do but leſſen, what they ſtrive to raiſe.
Whilſt *Thomſon* with Succeſs attempts to ſing
In Verſe more unconfin'd the gaudy *Spring*,
Unskilful I muſt rhyming Go-carts uſe,
Tho' the grand Theme requires a loftier Muſe.
O *Pollio*, then excuſe theſe Infant-lays
That aim at thine, and learn'd *Euſebius'* Praiſe!
Euſebius, who's in ſolid Reas'ning clear,
Sound in his Judgment, in his Faith ſincere.

* The Election of *Probus* was owing to *Pollio*'s Intereſt.

Bleſt are thy Youths! thrice bleſt! ſince thou'rt become
The worthy Governour of * *Alfred*'s Dome.
In thy † Tranſlation they with wonder find,
Each bright Idea of old *Tully*'s Mind;
In its full Senſe each Sentence there is ſhown,
And all the great Original's their own.

But others now a Tyrant's Will obey,
And *Claudus* bears an arbitrary Sway.
Each of his dreadful Ruler ſtands in awe,
And owns, ſubmiſſive, that his Will's their Law.
But if one, bolder than the reſt, withſtands,
Howe'er unjuſt, his poſitive Commands;

* *Univerſity College* in *Oxford*, ſaid to be founded by King *Alfred*.

† *Cockman*'s Tranſlation of *Tully*'s *Offices*.

At this enrag'd, the limping Maſter raves,
And ſtrait convenes his neceſſary Slaves.
Thoſe abject Tools of the baſe Tyrant's Will,
Who at his beck are ever prompt to Ill:
Flatt'ring his Failings they his Paſſions raiſe,
And what they ſhou'd condemn, they're ſure to praiſe.
" Expel the Traitor, how dare he (they cry)
" Aſſert his Freedom, and your Pow'r defy.
" Preſumptuous Wretch! however juſt his Cauſe,
" You're ſole Interpreter of all our Laws.
" Hence then a baniſh'd Exile let him fly,
" And all who dare your Pow'r ſupreme deny;
" Be't right or wrong, give your own Will its ſwing,
" For you're, dread Sir, within theſe Walls a King."
With theſe, or Words ſynonymous with theſe,
The flatt'ring Sycophants their Maſter pleaſe;

Whilſt haughty he, enthron'd in Elbow-Chair,
But lamely ſtrives t'aſſume majeſtick Air.

Mean-time fond *Meſſalina*, all on fire,
Haſtes to indulge each ſoft, each leud Deſire;
To dear *Hippolytus*'s Room ſhe flies,
Who reads her Meſſage in her wanton Eyes;
Claſp'd in his eager Arms he lays her down,
And on the College-Monarch grafts a Crown.

But ſay, my Muſe, is't poſſible to find
In comely Vizard ſuch a ſpotted Mind?
A fawning Flatterer! a holy Cheat!
Cunning in Miſchief! practis'd in Deceit!
Well may the Fellows of St. —— agree,
The ſilliеſt Act they did was chooſing thee.

To form thy Mind, *Sincerus* be thy Guide;
That holy Man without pedantic Pride.
Where Honesty and Truth together shine;
To * *Charles*'s Rules he does his Life confine,
As those are his, *Sincerus*'s be thine!

Pomarius seems my partial Muse to blame,
For leaving him without his share of Fame;
For which, tho' late, she amply shall rehearse
And sing his Praise, tho' in too mean a Verse.

Pomarius, who, so bold in his own Cause,
Loudly declaims 'gainst † violated Laws;

* King *Charles* the Ist.

† *Vide* Dr. *N*——'s *University Education.*

Of Pow'r deſpis'd, and Statutes broke complains,
And to prove nothing takes ſuch wond'rous Pains!
Yet, ev'n in this, *Pomarius* does excel,
For who on Nothing ever wrote ſo well?
How great the Orator, how true the Friend,
How ſtrong a Stickler for his private End,
How juſt, how learn'd, how gentle to his Foes,
His *Univers'ty Education* ſhows.
There the juſt Cauſe of all his Grief you read,
At loſs of *S——n* how his Heart did bleed;
There all his Anguiſh, all his Woe you find;
Who ever met a Jaylor half ſo kind?
But oh! what Verſe, what Numbers e'er can reach,
The way *Pomarius* takes his Youth to teach?
So new the Method, ſo belov'd the Art,
It gains the Maſter's, and the Scholar's Heart.

No more with crabbed Books let Youth contend,
The tedious Steps of Learning's Hill t'aſcend:
Here Science by an eaſier Art is known,
And in a * Pye Philoſophy is ſhown.
What Art you cry? attend, the Way I'll ſhew
To Learning, and ſubſtantial Learning too.
Beware on ſav'ry Meats leſt oft you dine;
Shun the rich Sauce, and fly deſtructive Wine!
Nay from all Fleſh, if poſſible, refrain,
Whence crude, unwholſome Vapours flow amain,
Which indigeſted riſe, and clog the Brain.

* This alludes to a Cuſtom of *Pomarius*, who every *Friday* (and *Wedneſday*, if I miſtake not) allows his Scholars nothing but Apple-pye for Commons. And it alludes likewiſe to a humorous Frontiſpiece which Mr. *Amburſt* deſign'd to have plac'd before his Diſſertation upon *Pomarius*'s *Univerſity Education*; where *Pomarius* was repreſented in a Balcony with a Fiſhing-Rod in his Hand, and an Apple-Dumpling for the Bait, the Mob underneath liſtening to *Pomarius*'s Encomiums upon it, and, as it were, impatiently waiting for its fall.

But pure, and ſweet, and harmleſs Viands chooſe,
Thoſe aid the Genius, thoſe inſpire the Muſe:
From thence the Body no Diſtemper knows,
And the brisk Blood in clearer Channels flows.
Such there are various, and of various Taſtes,
And all afford delicious ſweet Repaſts:
All fill the Veins with ſprightly, vig'rous Juice,
Which beſt of all good Apple-Pyes produce.
Believe me, oft I've ſeen a ſtupid Wight
Riſe from an Apple-Pye a Genius bright.
'Tis innocent, tho' ſlow-digeſting Food,
'Tis neither ſalt, nor ſour, but ſweetly good!
So ſweetly hence *Pomarius* thinks and writes,
For as he pens it, Apple-Pye indites;
Peruſe each Page, no Attic Salt you'll find,
No Sharpneſs flowing from Satiric Mind,

But

But Sweetneſs all; the Periods fall and riſe
No leſs melliſl'ous than th'inſpiring Pyes!
Hence Learning you may get with little Pains,
And fill your Belly as you fill your Brains.
Tranſcendent Art! who can thy Praiſes ſhow?
Or on th' Inventor Honours due beſtow?
Bid Statues to him riſe each Street to grace,
And Apple-Pyes and Dumplings round him place!
Yet ſtill of Fame, as of the making Art,
The Cook and Baker claim no little Part;
Be they Supporters to him, and proclaim
To all the World the great Inventor's Name!

For C——h's Good let *Craſſus* too reſign
His Place, *Pomarius*, to ſuch Worth as thine!
Tho' nothing heinous 'gainſt him they've to name,
With witty *W——l——rs* I conclude the ſame,
" They never wanted Light 'till *Craſſus* came!"

But ſay, what Fate, what Malice cou'd prefer
Such Fools as *N——t*, and as *H——d* are
To Colleges, while you ſurpaſs them all,
And are but petty Ruler of a Hall?
Yet Fools, we ſee, and Dotards gain the Prize,
In ſpite of Wiſdom, Arts, and Apple-Pyes:
Elſe *K——g* had been a Fop's unenvy'd Name,
And *M——r*'s Dulneſs ſtill unknown to Fame.

But when blind Fortune perſeveres to raiſe
Men void of Goodneſs, and abjuring Praiſe;
When Knaves and Blockheads ſacred Orders take,
And Book-worm Fellows Politicians make,
When the fat Prelate wallows in his Wine,
And hoary Heads to Lechery incline,
Then Vengeance calls aloud—— at ſuch bad times,
To ſpare, is next to vindicate their Crimes;

No, let them Satire's ſharpeſt Edge endure,
A deſp'rate Ill demands a deſp'rate Cure!

Let thoſe, whoſe Task it is, with Zeal infuſe
The gen'rous Dictates of the God-like Muſe;
With chaſteſt Words, and niceſt Care impart,
Whate'er can raiſe the Soul, or mend the Heart;
Paint Virtue, as ſhe's in herſelf, divine,
And by their Lives embelliſh the Deſign:
Then ſhall our Youth her ſacred Charms admire,
When Precepts warm them, and Examples fire.

But if the Teachers of our Youth, the Source
Whence Learning ſhou'd with Virtue take its Courſe;
If theſe, deprav'd, to ev'ry Vice give way,
And Paſſion's Night prefer to Reaſon's Day,
How ſhall the Young, whom Nature's ſelf inſpires
With Wills unbridled, and reſiſtleſs Fires,

When

When Reaſon lies ſubdu'd, when Blood within,
And ev'ry bad Example prompts to Sin;
How ſhall they then the rapid Stream oppoſe,
Or ſtop the Torrent that impetuous flows?
Vain all their Efforts, Virtue's-ſelf gives way,
And Vice predominant uſurps the ſway.

So while the Spring its cryſtal Wave ſupplies,
The limpid Stream reflects the azure Skies;
Clear, and more clear, along the flow'ry Side,
In long Meanders rolls the lucid Tide:
But if with Filth its Head polluted flows,
Black rolls the Flood, and deepens as it goes;
Still thickens on, until the leſs'ning Tide
Does, choak'd with Earth, in narr'wer Channels glide:
At length, a ſtanding Pool, it waſtes away,
To noxious Weeds, and ſcorching Suns a Prey.

FINIS.